

2-22-1905

Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1905 February 22

Louise Imogen Guiney

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would like me to come out of my hibernating hole in Oxford and view my native Re — I beg its pardon! empire. I wish we might sub-let this Bonnie house, so as to have it to return to. Do you know any studiously-inclined Bodleianizing ladies, or family of stationary tastes, who would like it for what Harriet Anderson now pays for it, furnished — quite beautifully and completely furnished — for two guineas a week (exactly 10.10) for the three months? I would almost as soon be chopped up as to face again the moving of all my books, papers, boxes, pictures, pots and Kettles! There are nine rooms (eight of them very large) and a nice garden, on a very quiet wide ^{very near tram-cars, or a} street, 15m walk from the centre of the town, shops, Colleges &c.

51 20 Tarnodon Road, Oxford, Feb. 22.
My dearest Anne Whitney: [1905]
What a love of a letter you wrote to me lately! It came when for divers reasons, I was feeling 'jolly blue', as I heard a boy say the other day; and to save me, I couldn't help grinning, and whetting my spirits upon it, and trying to make believe that I deserved it. For praise, like peanuts, is a vulgar toothsome commodity: but your praise! You are really too nice. I can't thank you. Just afterwards, Miss Rittenhouse's book, *Younger American Poets*, with some questionable effigies and some careful criticism, reached me too; so that altogether I began to realize that there was once a Muse ^{even} in my inkpot, and that some folk had an amazingly kind remembrance of her. Before

male is a nice girl who looks like Hannah
Kimball, only younger, prettier too, while a
little Hannah Kimball's a, and soars mela-
physically and transcendental in exactly
Hannah Kimball's style. We seem to agree
excellently well. She is childlike, and I am
what they call her Posing Great; and alto-
gether, I get a vast deal more than I pay for.
She thinks of going to her brother in New
York (Elihu) and on, a wild-unknown body
in July, returning in October. I haven't made
up my mind, or my pocket, what to do; but
it looks as if I might assume on our own
costs in Maine, sometimes. My mother is
up there, far north, in Houlton, with her one
niece, who takes nice care of her, and whom
she seems to love, and interest; and she

I leave the pig subject, I must tell
you that Grant Richards, my London
publisher, who was going to issue
my Poetical Works (yours, rather)
has gone bankrupt, and, naturally,
won't. This is the ninth publish-
er of mine who has failed within
a very few years. Cheerful for me!
Yet if I live until May 1st, I shall
come in, (say H. M. and Co., in their
annual report, for — no! it's Har-
per, I see) for eighteen cents!!!!

Well, I have been wishing
to write to you for uncounted years.
I have had a sort of general epis-
tolary paralysis, of which I am
much ashamed. I get about eleven
letters every day, and I answer the
eleven in the course of a year. I
am well, and do little chores for
pelf, but haven't much to do with
the Creator's Spiritus. My house-

There are two ^{living near} men here, for the
last two months, whom I delight
in: Chester Greenough, Prof. Bar-
rett Wendell's colleague at Har-
vard, and ~~our~~ junior and his, Fran-
cis Fitzpatrick of Brookline, ^{an} M.A.
of the admirable institution just
named. They have both been read-
ing at the Bod., the former follow-
ing literature, and the latter the
critical history of art; and once a
week, since the weather has been
that good to us, we have taken
long walks together, winding
up with tea at a country inn,
and improvised music on cracked
pianos by F. F., who looks like
the Czar, and goes by his name.
Then, for other company (still
with undue scarcity of womenkind)
we have the Rhodes Scholars, es-

pecially the wholesome chaps
from Connecticut, New Jersey, Mary-
land, Iowa, and Virginia, who
go by their States' names of times than
by their own. As I lately wrote
to my dear Mrs. Meloyard at Scit-
uate: 'England may be an Eden,
but Americans is your only sac-
pinto to play with.' Poor Bun-
ner (of Puck) used to say: 'There are
three sorts of English I adore: the
Scots; the Irish; and the dead!'
I am much of his mind.

We have high winds, and clear
cold, but plenty of spring flowers
and bird-music. There has been
no rain to speak of for long,
and but one slight snowfall.
I get on very well, except for
woolly-headedness, and an oc-

casional flutter of nerves: the latter (not
the former) would be much worse at home.

Mrs. Moulton says, and Mrs.

Mary Blake says, that you are looking fresh
as a rose: so it takes no stroke of exuberance
to believe it, despite all your warfare of last
summer. You never told me what became of
your great beated summer? I have such a
nice large photo-graph of him in a deep old-
fashioned frame, once my father's, on the
walls of this room as I write. Tell Misses Man-
ning I thank her for standing such an imple-
tion of my rhymes, and that I know well she could
not bear about it from anybody but you! no, nor
those other beautiful ladies when you have left
nameless. My best love to her. Your ever affec-
tional and grateful

L. J. G.

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1905

STATION
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BOSTON, MASS.
MAR 10 4-AM '05
1905



FOR
B. PM
OFF
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Spring
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Miss Anne Whitney,
The Charlesgate, Beacon Street,
Boston, Massachusetts,
U. S. A.

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BACK BAY